



Reflection oft will bitter prove,
Yet can unnumber'd ills remove.

“ You

“ You fell into it by your folly,”
replied *Reflection*, “ and you must
“ get out of it by your labour—
“ All seemed pleasant indeed, but
“ I told you this was the land of
“ Disappointment. However, you
“ must climb up that steepest place,
“ and then you must avoid the
“ broad pleasant path that is straight
“ before you, and keep the rugged,
“ narrow way to the left, till you
“ come up to those travellers whom
“ you can but just discern, they are
“ so far off.”

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Master